

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. IV.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 24, 1830.

NO. 7.

SONG.

Shall I, like a hermit, dwell
On a rock or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalues me,
What care I how fair she be.

Were her tresses angel gold;
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, and said,
To convert them to a braid,
And, with little more ado,
Work them into bracelets too;
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be.

Were her hands as rich a prize
As her hair or precious eyes;
If she lay them out to take
Kisses for good manners' sake,
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be.

No, she must be perfect snow
In effect as well as show,
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire, by burning too;
But when she by chance hath got
To her heart a second lot,
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her whate'er she be.

HISTORICAL.

TAKING OF THE SERAPIS.

There can be few Americans who are not in some degree familiar with the leading particulars of this savage conflict, in which the star-spangled banner triumphed over a much superior force. PAUL JONES's ship, the *Bon Homme Richard*, was old and scarcely seaworthy, and his confederate, the *Alliance*, instead of assisting him, fired several broadsides into Jones's ship. The action took place by moonlight, off Flamborough Head, a gigantic rock on the coast of England, and was witnessed by thousands of the neighboring inhabitants. We have now the history of this most daring enterprise from Jones himself, as given below. Lieutenant DALE, referred to in the account, died in this city about five years since—

SEPTEMBER 23, 1779.—In approaching the enemy I crowded every possible sail, and made the signal for the line of battle, to which the *Alliance* showed no attention. Earnest as I was for the action, I could not reach the *Commodore's* ship until 7 in the evening, being then within pistol shot, when he hailed the *Bon Homme Richard*. We answered him by firing a whole broadside.

The battle thus begun, was continued with unrelenting fury. Every method was practised on both sides to gain an advantage, and rake each other; and I must confess that the enemy's ship being much more manageable than the *Bon Homme Richard*, gained thereby several times an advantageous situation, in spite of my best endeavors to prevent it. As I had to deal with an enemy of greatly superior force, I was under the necessity of closing with him, to prevent the advantage which he

had over me in point of manœuvre. It was my intention to lay the *Bon Homme Richard* athwart the enemy's bows; but as the operation required great dexterity in the management of both sails and helm, and some of our sails being shot away, it did not succeed exactly to my wish. The enemy's bowsprit came over the *Bon Homme Richard's* poop by the mainmast, and I made both ships fast together in that situation, which, by the action of the wind on the enemy's sails, forced her stern close to the *Bon Homme Richard's* bow, so that the ships lay alongside of each other, the yards being all entangled, and the cannon of each ship touching the opponent's. When this position took place, it was eight o'clock, previous to which the *Bon Homme Richard* had received sundry eighteen pound shots below the water, and leaked very much. My battery of twelve-pounders, on which I had placed my chief dependence, being commanded by Lieutenant Dale and Colonel Werbert, and manned principally with American seamen and French volunteers, was entirely silenced and abandoned—As to the six old eighteen pounders that formed the battery of the lower gun deck, they did no service whatever, except firing eight shots in all. Two out of three of them burst out at the first fire, and killed almost all the men who were stationed to manage them. Before this time, too, Colonel de Chamillard, who commanded a party of twenty soldiers on the poop, had abandoned that station after having lost some of his men. I had only two pieces of cannon, (nine pounders) on the quarter deck, that were not silenced, and not one of the heavier cannon was fired during the rest of the action. The pursuer, M. Mease, who commanded the guns on the quarter-deck, being dangerously wounded in the head, I was obliged to fill his place, and with great difficulty rallied a few men and shifted over one of the lee quarter-deck guns, so that we afterwards played three pieces of nine pounders upon the enemy.—The tops alone seconded the fire of this little battery, and held out bravely during the whole of the action, especially the main top, where Lieutenant Stack commanded. I directed the fire of one of the three cannon against the main-mast with double-headed shot, while the other two were exceedingly well served with grape and canister shot to silence the enemy's musketry, and clear the decks, which was last effected. The enemy were, as I have since understood, on the instant of calling for quarters, when the cowardice or treachery of three of my under officers, induced them to call to the enemy. The English *Commodore* asked me if I demanded quarter, and I having answered him in the most decided negative, they renewed the battle with double fury. They were unable to stand the deck; but the fire of the cannon, especially the lower battery, which was entirely formed of ten pounders, was incessant: both ships were set on fire in various places, and the scene was dreadful beyond the reach of language. To account for the timidity of my three under officers, I mean the gunner, the carpenter and the master at arms, I must observe, that the two first were slightly wounded, and, as the ship had received various shots under water, and one of the pumps being shot away, the carpenter expressed his fears that she would sink, and the other two concluded she was sinking, which occasioned the gunner to run aft on the poop, and, without my knowl-

edge, strike the colors. Fortunately for me, a cannon ball had done that before, by carrying away the ensign staff, he was therefore reduced to the necessity of sinking as he supposed, or of calling for quarter, and he preferred the latter.

All this time the *Bon Homme Richard* had sustained the action alone, and the enemy, though greatly superior in force, would have been very glad to have got clear, as appears by their own acknowledgment, and by their having let go an anchor the instant that I laid them on board, by which means they would have escaped, had I not made them well fast to the *Bon Homme Richard*.

At last, at half past eight o'clock, the *Alliance* appeared, and I now thought the battle at an end; but, to my utter astonishment, he discharged a broadside full into the stern of the *Bon Homme Richard*. We called to him for God's sake to forbear firing into the *Bon Homme Richard*; yet they passed along the offside of the ship, and continued firing.—There was no possibility of his mistaking the enemy's ship for the *Bon Homme Richard*, there being the most essential difference in their appearance and construction. Besides, the moon was then at full, and the sides of the *Bon Homme Richard* were all black, while the sides of the prize were all yellow. Yet, for the greater security, I immediately showed the signal of our reconnaissance, by putting out three lanterns, one at the head, another at the stern, and a third in the middle, in horizontal line. Every tongue cried that he was firing into the wrong ship, but nothing availed; he passed round, firing into the *Bon Homme Richard's* head, stern, and broadside; and by one of his volleys killed several of my best men, and mortally wounded a good officer on the fore-castle. My situation was truly deplorable; the *Bon Homme Richard* received various shots under water, from the *Alliance*; the leak gained on the pumps, and the fire increased much on board both ships. Some officers persuaded me to strike, of whose courage and good sense I entertain a high opinion. My treacherous master at arms let loose all my prisoners, without my knowledge; my prospects became gloomy indeed; I would not however, give up the point. The enemy's main-mast began to shake, their fire decreased fast, ours rather increased;—the British colors were struck at half past ten o'clock.

The prize proved to be the British ship of war *Serapis*, a new ship of forty-four guns, built on the most approved construction, with two complete batteries, one of them of eighteen-pounders, and commanded by the brave *Commodore* Pearson. I had yet two enemies to encounter, far more formidable than the *Briton*—I mean fire and water. The *Serapis* was attacked only by the first, but the *Bon Homme Richard* was assailed by both; there was five feet water in the hold, and though it was moderate, from the explosion of so much gunpowder, yet the three pumps that remained, with difficulty only kept the water from gaining. The fire broke out in various parts of the ship, in spite of all the water that could be thrown in to quench it, and broke out as low as the powder magazine, and within a few inches of the powder. In that dilemma, I took out the powder upon deck, ready to be thrown overboard at the last extremity, and it was ten o'clock the next day (the 24th) before the fire was entirely extinguished. With respect to the situation of the *Bon Homme*

Richard, the rudder was cut entirely off, the stern frame and transoms, were almost entirely cut away, and the timbers by the lower deck, especially from the main-mast toward the stern being greatly decayed with age, were mangled beyond my power of description, and a person must have been an eye witness, to form a just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck, and ruin, which every where appeared. Humanity cannot but recoil from the prospect of such finished horror, and lament that war should be capable of producing such fatal consequences.

After the carpenters, as well as Captain Cotineau and other men of sense had well examined and surveyed the ship, (which was not finished before five in the evening,) I found every person to be convinced that it was impossible to keep the *Bon Homme Richard* afloat, so as to reach a port, if the wind should increase, it being then a moderate breeze. I had but little time to remove my wounded, which now became unavoidable, and which was effected in the course of the night and the next morning. I was determined to keep the *Bon Homme Richard* afloat, and if possible to bring her into port. For that purpose, the first Lieutenant of the *Pallas* continued on board with a party of men to attend the pumps, with boats in waiting, ready to take them on board in case the water should gain too fast. The wind augmenting in the night and the next day, the 25th, so that it was impossible to prevent the good old ship from sinking. They did not abandon her till after nine o'clock; the water was then up to the lower deck, and a little after ten, I saw, with inexpressible grief, the last glimpse of the *Bon Homme Richard*. No lives were lost with the ship, but it was impossible to save the stores of any sort whatever. I lost even the best part of my clothes, books, and papers; and several of my officers lost all their clothes and effects.

ADVENTURE WITH A PIRATE.

In the year 1825, as nearly as I can recollect, Captain Sloat, of the American armed schooner *Grampus*, stationed at St. Thomas, captured a celebrated pirate, that had been outlawed for some years, in the following manner. The name of the pirate I cannot now remember.

Captain Sloat, having heard that the pirate was somewhere along the south side of Puerto Rico, purchased or hired a small sloop that had just arrived at St. Thomas, from thence, loaded with tobacco and coffee. As soon as she had discharged her cargo, he put two lieutenants and thirty-five men on board, well armed with four or six small six-pounders, with orders immediately to proceed to the same place she would have returned to had he not engaged her, retaining one or two of the former crew as pilots. On her entering the small harbour, the pirate discovered and knew her, and made all possible sail to prevent her communicating with the shore before he captured her, expecting to find specie or dry goods in return for the tobacco and coffee, that she had taken to St. Thomas.

As he approached the sloop to nearly a short parallel distance, he shewed symptoms of suspicion on discovering the guns (all the hands were concealed but the pilots;) he then had too much headway to escape, which he attempted by wearing; but the sloop got outside of him, and gave him a discharge of musketry

which was kept up with all the vigor possible, killing eleven of his crew; the remainder laid flat down, and refused to assist in either fighting or navigating the vessel; their sole anxiety was to escape from the shower of balls that was passing over them. Under these circumstances, the pirate displayed the most astonishing coolness and indifference to his life, which called forth the unqualified admiration of the officers and men opposed to him. Lieut. M'Gunder, the second in command, (the first was Lieut. Prendergast,) informed me that he saw the pirate, alone on his legs, steering his vessel (a small sloop or schooner,) occasionally running forward to get up the square-sail, haul it up a little, then return to his helm, get the vessel's head right, put the tiller between his legs, load his fusée, and fire it; again run forward, get up the square-sail a little more, return to his helm, load again and so on until he got up the sail, and discharged his gun fourteen times, when he at last succeeded, unassisted, in outstriking his opponents and running his vessel on shore, when the surviving seventeen of his crew jumped overboard. Some of them were killed and wounded before they reached the shore. I am not certain whether the six-pounders were fired or not, but the pirate escaped unhurt.

The firing alarmed the country; the magistrates ordered out the militia, and had them stationed, as quickly as they assembled, to assist in taking any of the pirates that might land. The Americans soon followed, and succeeded in taking or killing all but the chief, of whom for a short time, they lost all trace; until they fell in with a herd, in great distress, complaining of a man with a curious hand, three fingers growing together, having compelled them to exchange clothes, and to give him the charge of the cattle, which he was now driving towards the interior, in his assumed costume. The pursuers immediately knew this to be the one they were in search of, and recollected having more than once passed him, without suspecting who it was; so well did he act his part, and such unconcern did he shew. In a short time they again discovered the pretended herd. Two or three of the foremost in the pursuit attacked him. He made a wonderful defence. One or two attacked him with swords for some little time; while a third, seeing how obstinately he fought, fired his blunderbuss, loaded with slugs, at him, which took effect in his shoulder and knee. He nevertheless continued to fight with his other hand, until the one who fired at him struck him with the butt-end of his blunderbuss on the ribs, a most severe blow, which brought him to the ground. They even then had difficulty in securing him.

He and the other prisoners were sent to St. John's, the capital of Puerto Rico, to be tried. The Americans returned to St. Thomas, after being in great distress, from the leaky state of the old sloop, and the heavy rains that fell during this expedition. The deck, as they expressed it, leaked like a riddle. After their return, Captain Sloat determined to visit the pirate, and sailed to St. John's, Puerto Rico. He was admitted to the cachot where the pirate was confined, thirty feet below the level of the sea, in the Moro Castle. He found him quite composed and busily employed in taking care of his wounds, although he was then under sentence of death. Captain Sloat informed him that he visited him in consequence of the account his officers gave him of his dauntless courage and cool presence of mind under danger that had appalled all his companions, and also his wonderful exertions in working his vessel alone as he had done. Captain Sloat expressed his regret that such qualities should have been so badly applied. The pirate said he had been so long accustomed to be fired at it never gave him the least concern. He had a firm conviction on his mind that he would not be touched. He mentioned further, that that consciousness kept him always cool and collected in action. He once determined on

quitting his mode of life and becoming a citizen of the United States; but that a few days after he had sailed from St. Domingo with that intention, he was wrecked on that island in the hurricane of 1819. He was the only one saved on board; but he lost the vessel, cargo, and specie, of great value, which was his all. This reduced him to a very low and desperate state, obliging him to associate with a few lawless characters like himself. They embarked in small vessels or boats, and captured whatever vessel they could. He mentioned having killed above four hundred persons with his own hands, during the preceding eight years that he had been outlawed; but he declared that never to his knowledge, had he killed a native of Puerto Rico, his birth-place. He appeared touched by Captain Sloat's sympathy, and declared he had created feelings in his breast he thought never could have existed. He made an unreserved confession of all that he had done himself, but would give no information that would lead to the detection of others, although he had himself in a manner been betrayed, the particulars of which I cannot recollect. When he was taken out to be shot, there was not the least concern visible on his countenance. He fell without a struggle; and all the companions of his lawless life who had been taken, were similarly condemned and underwent the same fate.

A seedsman being lately held to bail for using inflammatory language respecting government, a wag observed, it was probably in the line of his profession, to promote business he wished to sow sedition.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE ONE.

BY T. H. BAILY.

I dare thee to forget me!
Go wander where thou wilt,
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm,
Or on the sabre's hilt;
Away! thou'rt free! o'er land and sea,
Go rush to danger's brink!
But oh, thou canst not fly from thought!
Thy curse will be—to think!

Remember me! remember all—
My long enduring love,
That linked itself to perfidy;
The vulture and the dove!
Remember in thy utmost need,
I never once did shrink,
But clung to thee confidingly;
Thy curse shall be—to think!

Then go! that thought will render thee
A dastard in the fight,
That thought, when thou art tempest-tost,
Will fill thee with affright!
In some wild dungeon mayest thou lie,
And, counting each cold link
That binds thee to captivity,
Thy curse shall be—to think!

Go seek the merry banquet hall,
Where younger maidens bloom,
The thought of me shall make thee there
Endure a deeper gloom;
That thought shall turn the festive cup
To poison while you drink,
And while false smiles are on thy cheek,
Thy curse will be—to think!

Forget me! false one, hope it not!
When minstrels touch the string,
The memory of other days
Will gall thee while they sing;
The airs I used to love will make
Thy coward conscience shrink,
Aye, ev'ry note will have its sting—
Thy curse will be—to think!

Forget me! No, that shall not be!
I'll haunt thee in thy sleep,
In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks
That overhang the deep;
Thou'lt shriek for aid! my feeble arm
Shall hurl thee from the brink,
And when thou wak'st in wild dismay,
Thy curse will be—to think!

HUMOROUS.

From Fuler's Travels.

THE JEW OF HAHAM.

Once upon a time there lived in Haham a certain Turk, called Mustapha, who having accumulated some wealth, by carrying on a trade in goats' hair, determined to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. His family consisted of his wife and two slaves; and as the lady insisted on not being left behind, the good man resolved to sell his stock of goats' hair, to take all his household with him, and to shut up his house until his return. The only difficulty that presented itself was what to do with his money. He did not like to run the risk of being robbed of it in his journey through the desert, he did not like to leave it in an empty house, and there was not any of his friends to whom he wished to trust the secret of his wealth. After much deliberation, he placed it in separate parcels at the bottom of five large earthen jars, which he then filled up with butter, and, on his departure, sent them to the house of his neighbor, a Jew, named Mousa, to keep till his return, telling him it was a stock which he had laid up for winter consumption. The Jew, however, from the weight of the jars and other circumstances, suspected they contained something more valuable; and as soon as Mustapha was fairly on his way to Damascus to join the caravan, he ventured to open them; when finding his expectations realized he took out the gold and filled them up with butter so carefully that nobody could tell that they had been disturbed. The poor Turk on his return from the pilgrimage, soon found out the trick that his neighbor had practised upon him; but as the jars were exactly in the same apparent state as when he left them and as there was no evidence as to their contents, it was plain that no legal process could give him any redress. He, therefore, set about some other way of punishing the Jew, and of recovering, if possible, his property; and in the mean time he did not communicate his loss to any person but his wife, and enjoined on her the strictest secrecy.

After long consideration, a plan suggested itself. In one of his visits to the neighboring town of Homs, where he was in the habit of going to sell his goats' hair to the manufacturers of the mashlaks, for which that place is famous, he fell in with a troop of gypsies, who had with them an ape of extraordinary sagacity. He prevailed on them to sell him this animal; and, conveyed it privately to his house at Haham, shut it up in a room to which no one but himself had access. He then went to the bazaar and bought one of the dark scanty robes and small caps or kalpaks, with a speckled handkerchief tied closely round it, which is the prescribed costume of the Jews throughout the Turkish empire. This dress he took care invariably to put on whenever he went to visit his ape; and as he always carried him his meals, and indeed, never allowed any other person to see him, the animal in the course of a few weeks became extremely attached to him, jumping on his neck and hugging and caressing him as he entered the room. It was about this time, as he was walking along the streets one day, he met a lad, the son of Jew Mousa, and having enticed him into the house by the promise of some figs, he shut him up a close prisoner in a detached apartment in his garden, at such a distance from the street and from the other houses in the town, that the boy could not discover to any one the place of his confinement.

The Jew after several days' search, not being able to obtain any tidings of him, concluded that he had either been drowned, or had strayed out of the town and fallen into the hands of some wandering Bedouins; and as he was an only child, fell into a state of the greatest despair; till at length he heard by accident, that just about the time the child was missing, he had been seen walking in company with Hadi Mustapha. The truth instantly flashed on his mind, and he recognized in the loss of his son some stratagem which the

Turk had planned in revenge for the affair of the butter-jars. He immediately summoned him before the cadi, accused him of having the boy in his possession and insisted on his immediately restoring him.

Mustapha at first strenuously denied the fact; but when one of the witnesses positively declared that he saw the boy go into his house and when the cadi was about to pronounce his decree, that he should bring him into court dead or alive, "Yah illah, el Allah!" he exclaimed, "there is no God but Allah, and his power is infinite; he can work miracles when it seemeth good in his sight. It is true, effendi, continued he addressing himself to the cadi that I saw the Jew Mousa's son passing by my house; and for the sake of the old friendship subsisting between his father and myself I invited him to come in and to eat some figs which I had just been gathering. The boy however, repaid my hospitality with rudeness and abuse; nay, he even blasphemed the name of our holy prophet; but scarcely had the words passed his lips, when to my surprise and horror, he was suddenly changed into a monkey. In that form I will produce him; and as a proof that what I tell you is true, you will see that he will immediately recognize his father.

At this instant a servant who was waiting on the outside let loose the ape into the divan, who seeing that the Jew was the only person present in the dress to which he was accustomed, mistook him for his master, jumped upon and clung around his neck with all the expressions of fondness which the child might have been supposed to exhibit on being restored to his parent.

Nothing more was wanting to convince the audience of the truth of Mustapha's story; "A miracle, a real miracle!" they cried out, "great is Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet;" and the Jew was ordered to take the monkey and retire from court. A compromise was now his only resource; and accordingly, as soon as it was dark, and he could go unobserved, he repaired to Mustapha's house, and offered, if he would liberate his son, to restore all the money which he had taken out of the butter jars. The Turk having attained his object, consented to release his prisoner; but in order to keep up his own credit he stipulated that the child should be removed privately, and that, the father, with his whole family should immediately quit the place.—The popular belief in the miracle thus remained unshaken; and so great was the disrepute into which the Jews fell in consequence of this adventure, that they all departed one after the other, and none have ever since been known to reside in Haham.

On the 3d April, a new building at Munich four stories high, gave way at its foundation, and fell down with a dreadful crash, whilst forty persons were at work. Most of them were buried under the ruins: some who were working at the wings attempted to save themselves by the most desperate leaps. A woman jumped from the third floor, and came down unhurt, at she fell upon a heap of sand. By seven in the evening twenty persons had been taken from under the ruins; four were found dead, and the rest dreadfully hurt. Till that hour, was heard from time to time, the shrieks of one of the sufferers, who cried for assistance, and in a feeble tone exclaimed that he was lying with broken legs by the side of three dead persons. After seven he was heard no more, and at nine the unfortunate man was taken dead out of the rubbish, in company with his fellow sufferers. The house was built in great haste during the winter.

Physiognomy is the true science. The man of profound thought, the man of active ability, and above all, the man of genius, has his character stamped on his countenance by nature: men of violent passions, and the voluptuary have it stamped by habit. But the science has its limits; it has no stamp for mere cruelty.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

RAMBLES OF A NATURALIST.
No. 2.

I have lately returned from a visit to a gentleman who is making some curious experiments on the microscope. One object which he exhibited was a very curious specimen of the hunting spider. This insect presented a beautiful opaque appearance, being covered all over with a profusion of brown and white hairs and scales. The eyes were eight in number, two of them very large, and dispersed over various parts of the head. The fangs with which this insect seizes its prey, were exceedingly long, powerful and sharply pointed; when in a state of rest they were folded together by means of joints, and lay close under the thorax of the insect. They are capable of doing immense execution.

As the account of this curious little hunter may be new to your readers, I avail myself of the best descriptions I can find of its habits and manner of catching its prey. This species chiefly confines its hunting excursions to old buildings, fences, &c. It does not, like most other spiders, take its prey by weaving a net, but is constrained to procure it by its activity. It is extremely nimble, at times leaping like a grasshopper, then again standing still; raising itself on its hinder legs to look around for its prey; it also has the faculty of running either backwards or forwards. If it sees a fly at the distance of three or four yards, it does not run directly to it, but endeavors as much as possible to conceal itself, until it can arrive near to it, and then creeping slowly up to it, and seldom missing its aim, it springs upon the fly, and carries it away in its jaws or fangs. The flies it takes are frequently much larger than itself, but nevertheless carries them with the greatest ease to its den or hole. Should it happen that before the spider can get near its prey it takes wing and fixes in another place, the spider whirls nimbly about, still keeping its eyes fixed upon it, in order to make another attack!

Dr. Brooks says, it has been sometimes seen in the act of instructing its young ones how to hunt; and also that when an old one had missed its leap, it would run from the place and hide itself in some crevice, as if ashamed of the blunder it had made. Another species is called the Wolf Spider, from its ferocious habits. And yet, in its affection for the preservation of its offspring, it yields to no insect in existence. "We are," say Kirby and Spence in their first volume page 360, "so accustomed to associate the ideas of cruelty and ferocity with the name of spider, that to attribute parental affection to any of the tribe, seems, at first view to be almost preposterous. Who indeed could expect that animals, which devour their own species whenever they have an opportunity, should be susceptible of the finer feelings? yet such is the fact. There is a spider common under clods of earth (the *arena siccata*) which may at once be distinguished by a white globular silken bag, about the size of a pea, in which she has deposited her eggs attached to the extremity of her body. Never miser clung to his treasure with more tenacious solicitude than this spider to her bag. Though apparently a considerable incumbrance, she carries it with her every where; if you deprive her of it, she makes the most strenuous efforts for its recovery, and no sense

of personal danger can force her to quit the precious load. If her efforts are ineffectual, a stupifying melancholy seems to seize her, and when deprived of this first object of her cares, existence itself seems to have lost its charms. If she succeed in regaining her bag, or you restore it to her, her actions demonstrate the excess of her joy. She eagerly seizes it, and, with the utmost agility runs off with it to a place of security. Mr. Bonnet put this wonderful attachment to an affecting and decisive test. He threw a spider, with her bag, into the pit of a large ant lion, (or *hugly*), a ferocious insect, which conceals itself at the bottom of a conical hole constructed in the sand, for the purpose of catching any unfortunate victim that may fall in. The spider endeavored to run away, but was not sufficiently active to prevent the ant lion from seizing her bag of eggs, which it attempted to pull under the sand. She made the most violent efforts to defeat the aim of her invisible foe, and on her part struggled with all her might. The gluten, however, which fastened her bag, at length gave way, and it separated; but the spider instantly regained it with her jaws, and redoubled her efforts to rescue the prize from her opponent. It was in vain; the ant lion was the stronger of the two, and in spite of all her struggles, dragged the object of contention under the sand. The unfortunate mother might have preserved her own life from the enemy; she had but to relinquish the bag of eggs and escape out of the pit. But, wonderful example of maternal affection! she preferred allowing herself to be buried alive along with the treasure dearer to her than existence; and it was only by force that Bonnet drew her from the unequal conflict. But the bag of eggs remained with the highway robber; though he pushed her repeatedly with a twig, she persisted in remaining on the spot. Life seemed to have become a burden to her, and all her pleasures to have been buried in the grave which contained the germ of her progeny. The attachment of this affectionate mother is not confined to her eggs; after the young spiders are hatched, they make their way out of the bag by an orifice, which she is careful to open for them, without which they could never escape: and then like the young of the Surinam toad, they attach themselves in clusters on her back, belly, head, and even legs; and in this situation where they present a very singular appearance, she carries them about with her, and feeds them, until they cast off their first skin, when they are big enough to provide for their own subsistence. I have more than once been gratified with this curious spectacle; and when I nearly touched the mother, thus covered by hundreds of her progeny, it was most amusing to see them leap from her back, and run away in every direction.

Yours, &c. KIRBY.

FOR THE ARIEL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—Do save me from the horrors of "home." Every thing is snug and comfortable there—we have but little to complain of, but every thing to be thankful for. We are but few in number; surrounded with about as many of the good things of this world as reasonable people should desire; such as thousands would be devoutly thankful for; indeed, we might live so contented, so cheerful, so happy, and yet we are miserable, absolutely miserable—and it is so provoking to think that not a soul can tell the why or the where-

fore. When we go home, at the close of day, instead of smiles, we are met with as funereal faces as ever any poor blue-devil laid eyes upon; and, instead of the cheerful voice of welcome, we are greeted with the doleful tones you would expect from a wretch under the gallows, just ready to take his last swing; all of which miseries are sufficient to frighten a good humored fellow into a fit of the horrors, or make him jump into the Delaware with a pocket full of stones.

Were you, Mr. Editor, to pop in upon us—we take the Ariel (without which, bye the bye, I verily believe we should all hang or drown ourselves)—you would be struck with the air of neatness and comfort that reigns in our dwelling, and set us down at once as good subscribers and happy folks; but a step further, and you would be horror-struck. Such dreadful countenances—so lackadaisical and woe-begone—such tones of misery and despair, drawled out with sepulchral sadness, enough to freeze your blood. Don't come—I'll call and pay my subscription—but don't for the love of cheerfulness come near us!—I would not suffer my bitterest enemy, no, not his dog, to endure the shock, much less a friend, and one too, whose good spirits are so necessary to the world.

One takes the lead in this constant endeavor to make us all "all unhappy together," (that's the favorite tune.) She fancies herself sick, most wretchedly sick, and wanders about the house with the dishevelled hair and dejected visage of a bedlamite; not half so interesting, however, as crazy Norah, who strolls through our streets, though it must be confessed there is a striking resemblance.—She has been continually dying for a long time, and will continue to be so, I suppose, for fifty years to come. Her only comfort in this world seems to be in looking out for signs. A trifling palpitation from sudden exercise—a slight flush—a pain here or a pain there—a twinge in the tooth, or the toe—a head ache from too much sleep—or weakness from lack of exercise—a nervousness from improper eating—the scratch of a pin—the bite of a flea—in short, any thing and every thing common to those in good health, is greeted as an omen—marked with intense curiosity as the approach of some new disorder or the return of an old one. Such a being makes herself miserable, and spreads gloom, discontent, and uneasiness among all who come within her reach. And yet, Mr. Editor, nothing is the matter with her, absolutely nothing but what a little exercise and cheerful resolution would effectually remove. This poor, weak, wasted and wasting invalid was recently in the country, was jolted in a wagon all day; run along the rough road for a mile or more; was out in the rain, and exposed to the heat; indeed, underwent more than half the girls in town could have suffered, girls too, who would be ashamed to be eternally moaning out their doleful complaints and dangling after the doctor. And what was the result?—Why, sir, instead of a long and desperate illness, she looked better, felt better, and was in fact every way better than she had been for months. It put new life into her emaciated frame, and if duly continued, would make of her as hale and hearty, as buxom, fair and fat a damsel as ever rattled a spinning wheel or managed a dairy.

But alas! there is no hope—its a family complaint—the disorder is constitutional.—

There have been those among her ancestors who grew up upon wormwood, and fed their little ones on bitter herbs. We must therefore bear it with christian fortitude and patient resignation. There is no doubt she is rapidly hastening to her grave, which with good luck she will probably reach some twenty years after her friends have all been fretted into theirs.

Oh! save me from the monster HYP!—Grant me a banjo—a jews-harp or fiddle stick, thou genius of FUN! Let me have jesters about me—good fellows that laugh and grow fat;

"Wrinkled mirth that care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides,"

any thing to save me from those who love to make themselves miserable, who, instead of striving, as in duty bound, to render HOME agreeable—to lighten the fatigue of business, spread over it the dispiriting clouds of their own gloomy and distempered imaginations.—Fye on such! they abuse Heaven's blessings and make wry faces at cheerfulness, from pure love of misery.

COMUS.

Southwark, July 1, 1830.

KINDNESS.—There are two ways of putting down and quieting opposition—the law of kindness and the law of force. The law of force is resorted to by despots and tyrants—the law of kindness, with an amendment to all evils causing complaint and opposition, is that which is always employed by the virtuous and the good.

SCIENTIFIC.

East Tennessee is not only interesting in a mineralogical point of view, but is equally so in all other branches of natural history. I have seen no where in the United States a finer variety of plants. The ground is covered all over with the most brilliant and beautiful flowers; but here also we find the serpent under the roses, and these not always of that harmless kind, which are so much dreaded near Nashville. In the mountains I have met with several poisonous reptiles, and had collected some in order to ascertain to what species they belonged, but one of my fellow travellers considering this perhaps a very useless labor, and dreading even a whiskey drowned snake, must have thrown them out of the stage when my back was turned, for on looking I found them gone. Some other poisonous animals I also found inhabitants of the Cumberland Mountains. I had previously found at the White's Creek Springs, twelve miles from Nashville, two small scorpions belonging to a nondescript species—but here they were in great abundance, and much larger than those of White's creek. They are known on the Cumberland Mountains, by the name of *singing adder*.

The name of scorpion, connected as it is with the dread of poison, is generally applied in this state to a very harmless pretty little creature, which belongs to a different order of animals, having four legs and being somewhat in shape like a lizard, striped longitudinally black and gray on his sides, with sometimes a handsome blue tail. This animal is the *Scincus* of the naturalists, and feeds only on little insects. It has neither the power nor the inclination to do injury, except to a fly or similar insect. But this is not the scorpion. That animal has eight legs, and two arms furnished with pincers like a crawfish. It has a long knotted tail, terminated in a crooked sting, which contains its poison, and when the animal is attacked it bends its tail over its head in such a manner as to be ready to strike at any thing that may molest it. The sting of these little animals is very venomous, and has often proved fatal to man. I am not sure that our scorpions will prove equally dangerous.—Dr. Troost.

FATAL LOVE.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was in early life deeply enamoured of a daughter of Mrs. Siddons, whose fate had been a source of sorrow to him for years, even though his spirits had been buoyed up by the friendship of some of the most eminent and exalted personages in Europe. When he first proposed for Miss Siddons, some objection was made on the score of his want of wealth; but Mr. Siddons, with true liberality, said, that as he was a young man of powerful and rising talent, there could be little doubt that he would be able to support his daughter in a comfortable, if not in a splendid style; and, as he was known to be in embarrassed circumstances, offered at the same time to relieve him of incumbrances, and desired him to send a clear estimate of his debts, that he might be enabled to commence a married life unfettered by the pressure of perverse circumstances.

When Sir Thomas collected his bills, he found the amount far greater than he had himself believed; and not to shock his intended father-in-law, by a sum total which would make his improvidence appear intolerable, he deducted five thousand pounds from the amount, little thinking that a discovery would be made of the concealment, and prove fatal to his hopes of happiness. It was however discovered; and Mr. Siddons in anger refused his consent to any further correspondence between him and his daughter. Sir Thomas was almost frantic at the fatal effects of his own folly, and did every thing in his power to retrieve his error. Miss Siddons was in a pitiable state, but as he had deceived her father respecting his embarrassments, said nothing; she bore the blow as quietly as her feelings would permit her. In a few months her excited and agonized feelings brought on a severe attack of illness, for which the physician ordered her to Bristol, where her recovery soon became hopeless. Blighted affection had reduced her to the verge of the tomb, and now her parents would willingly have given up all their property to have averted the dreadful blow, which was soon likely to deprive them of a fondly loved child. Mr. Siddons offered to send for Sir Thomas Lawrence, and do every thing in his power to add to her comforts; but the poor heart-broken girl only replied, "No, it is too late now;" and very shortly afterwards perished in the prime of life, the victim of thwarted love.

MISS MITFORD.

Mary Russell Mitford resides at the little hamlet of 'Three Mile Cross,' near Reading; and it is pleasing to know, that all her scenes are taken from real life, on the aspect of the cultivated and wooden country of 'sunny Berkshire.' I was not a little astonished to find her attended on her last visit to London, by the identical 'Olive Hathaway,' the lame village sempstress, who forms the subject of one of her sweetest sketches. Miss Mitford is much addicted to country pastimes, and often takes the field at dawn of day, accompanied by her father in his coursing excursions. 'May flower, pretty May,' is not a dog of the imagination, but a beautiful hound, whose two sons share with her the caresses of their kind mistress. The Mitford cottage is a pretty, but fairy spot. You might place it in a band-box or a shelf; or hang it, like a bird cage, in a tree; however, it suffices for the wants and wishes of a descendant of the noble house of Russell—of one, who may, with truth, be also termed 'a noble of nature,' the antiquity of whose title cannot be impeached, as her patent has been made out by an unerring hand. There she lives the idol and blessing of her surviving parent, who by the way, is one of the most gentlemanly and handsome old women in England, somewhat violent on what we consider the wrong side in politics—but this is no affair of ours, and the beloved and respected of a large circle, of all who invariably, from being acquaintances become devoted friends; there is a certain number of persons of a particular class—who do not like to be put in print—that are a little bit afraid

of the fair lady's wit, and would rather keep out of her way, who get at the wrong side of the hedge if she is coming up the lane; and never venture to open their lips if they meet her at a tea party, lest 'the authorist' should take down their words; nevertheless, these very people entertain the highest respect for her, and it is only the weakness of their own intellect, or, to speak more gently, an overwrought timidity, that stimulates them to such silly conduct. As it is now some sixteen or eighteen years since Miss Mitford's first poems were published, we cannot sin against politeness in saying that the lady is considerably over thirty years. In person, she is short, and is very stout; but retains a light graceful step, and notwithstanding her *canon point*, and her rustification in 'our village,' the moment she enters the room, you feel convinced that she is a person not only of high intellect, but high breeding—a true born gentlewoman.—*Dublin Literary Gaz.*

From the Boston Gazette.

The two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Charlestown, was celebrated in that town yesterday; on which occasion the Hon. Edward Everett, at the request of the Lyceum Society, delivered an address. The procession was escorted from the Town Hall to the Rev. Mr. Fay's meeting-house, by the Warren Phalanx, in their usual superior style. The house was crowded to excess—the music was excellent, and the original Ode, by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, was sung with great effect. The address, or the oration, although it was of two hours duration, with the exception only of many bursts of applause, was listened to in silent admiration. The first half was purely historical; and the contrast the orator drew in the latter part between what the country then was, and now is, was beautifully eloquent, and caused a thrill in every bosom. It no doubt will be speedily published, and will be found in all respects, fully to sustain the character of its distinguished author.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

REV. J. PIERPONT.

Two hundred years!—two hundred years!
How much of human power and pride,
What glorious hopes, what glorious fears,
Have sunk beneath their noiseless tide?

The red man, at his horrid rite,
Seen by the stars at night's cold noon,
His bark canoe, its track of light
Left on the waves beneath the moon.

His dance, is yell—his council fire,
The altar where his victims lay,
His death song, and his funeral pyre,
That still, strong tide hath borne away.

And that pale, pilgrim band is gone,
That, on this shore, with trembling tread,
Ready to faint, yet bearing on
The ark of freedom and of God.

And war—that since, o'er ocean came,
And thunder'd loud from yonder hill,
And wrapped its foot in sheets of flame,
To blast that ark—its storm is still.

Chief, sachem, sage, bards, heroes, seers,
That live in story and in song,
Time for the last two hundred years,
Has raised, and shown, and swept along.

'Tis like a dream when one awakes—
This vision of the scenes of old;
'Tis like the moon when morning breaks,
'Tis like a tale round watch fires told.

Then what are we!—then what are we!
Yes, when two hundred years have rolled
O'er our green graves, our names shall be
A morning dream, a tale that's told.

God of our fathers—in whose sight
The thousand years that swept away
Man, and the traces of his might,
Are but the break and close of day—

Grant us that love of truth sublime,
That love of goodness and of thee,
That makes thy children in all time,
To share thy own eternity.

ORIGINAL.

[Notwithstanding the modesty of our correspondent "Kirby," we apprehend if he goes on as he has begun, he will be a favorite with the public.]

FOR THE ARIEL.

RAMBLES OF A NATURALIST.
No. 1.

MR. EDITOR—I have read in your interesting paper one or two numbers of *Rambles of a Naturalist*, written, as I have understood, by the late Dr. Godman. The hand which penned those articles being numb, your readers cannot expect from that source any further contributions of the like nature. It has struck me, therefore, that I should be able to communicate a few interesting facts in a way that would be generally understood, even with the comparatively small share of attention which I have given to the subject of Natural History in general. I give you and your readers notice, however, that I have never been accustomed to the use of the pen; my chief amusement for years has been to study the habits of insects and animals; consequently I have paid little attention to literary composition. I shall therefore avail myself of various authors, a goodly store of whose observations I have collected, whenever their experience coincides with my own. Having set out with this explicit declaration, you will not charge me with plagiarism, nor give me credit for more than I deserve. My observations will necessarily be rambling; probably without much connection, and will be communicated as time and opportunity permit.

Of the advantages and positive pleasures of looking into Natural History, I shall not attempt to speak, but rather endeavor to carry my reader along with me, infusing, if I can, a grain of gratification which I have enjoyed. Without further preamble I would inform the young aspirant for the pleasures to be derived from this amusement, for I cannot call it *study*, that he need not go from home to enjoy its first fruits. On going into my kitchen the other evening, I observed two beetles, or cockroaches, apparently feeding on some crumbs of bread that had fallen on the floor; each roach was surrounded by numerous young ones, which on my approach near to them, crept for shelter about and underneath the bodies of the old ones; these latter remained stationary for a minute or two, but on my endeavoring to take a clear view of them, they ran off followed by the young brood. This, as well as many other circumstances I have met with during my researches, convinces me that the feelings of affection are not confined to the higher order of animals only, but are also disseminated very widely by the Great Author of Nature, among the more minute. A few years back I observed a spider constructing a nest for the reception of its eggs on a cabbage leaf, and which, after a laborious process, it effected. In order to watch its habits more attentively, I removed the nest with the spider in it from the leaf, and placed them under a wine glass, on a piece of paper. The spider immediately began spinning various threads, serving as helps, by which the insect was enabled to ascend to the top of the glass with its nest, which it took in its jaws, and removed by degrees from thread to thread, until it had safely lodged it at the top of the glass. This seemed a very fatiguing business, the spider resting several times during its ascent, for hours together; this labor occupied it three days, when it spun some additional threads in order to secure its charge to the top of the glass; after which it attached itself to the nest, and sat on it apparently without any motion for a month; during the whole of which

time it took no nourishment whatever, although I had at various times placed a few flies in its prison. This close sitting was, I imagine, for the purpose of giving warmth to the eggs, similar to that conveyed by the hen during the act of incubation. I then turned up the glass, leaving it resting on its side, and in a short time, she crawled out and made off to a distance, leaving her progeny to shift in the best manner they could for their future sustenance. What a manifestation is here exhibited of the solicitude of an insect towards the continuation and preservation of its species! We do not see this solicitude more strikingly displayed in any of the higher grades of animals; as for upwards of a month all care ceased for itself, and its whole attention was bestowed on its forthcoming offspring. On looking for the spider a few moments afterwards I found it in a very languid state and apparently dying. I then put an end to its existence by pouring some boiling water on it, and when in a proper state, I placed it in my cabinet, together with its nest, as a memorial of the fact.

Not to weary your readers, with an account of my own incessant occupations, these communications must necessarily be short.

Yours, &c. KIRBY.

STANZAS.

BY THE LATE ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

Days of my youth,
Ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth,
Ye are frosted and grey;
Eyes of my youth,
Your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth,
Ye are furrow'd all o'er;
Strength of my youth,
Your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth,
I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth,
I'm content ye should fall;
Eyes of my youth,
You much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth,
Bathed in tears you have been;
Thoughts of my youth,
You have led me astray;
Strength of my youth,
Why lament your decay?

Days of my age,
Ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age,
Yet awhile ye can last;
Joys of my age,
In true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age,
Be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age,
Dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age,
Be ye fix'd on your God.

A PUFF DIRECT.—A pedlar, wishing to recommend his razors to the gaping crowd, thus addressed them:—"Gentlemen, the razors I hold in my hand were made in a cave by the light of a diamond, in the province of Andalusia, in Spain. They cut as quick as thought, and are as bright as the morning star. A word or two more, and I am certain you will buy them. Lay them under your pillow at night, and you will find yourself clean shaved in the morning."

A Frenchman being asked to sign a memorial for stopping the Sunday Mail, exclaimed with great vehemence and indignation—"Me stoppe de Mail? You suppose me one robbare? You propose to make me one villain? No, to be sure, you no find me in such business. Stoppe de mail and go to stat prision, where all the rascal ought to be who take such disgraceful means to rob de public? No, by gar, I shall do no such ting."

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 24.

Gg to be Married.—One is sometimes amused by the trifling observations, uttered by persons in the street, and which, though not intended for your ear, unavoidably enter it. They are very apt to pass in at one ear and out of the other though occasionally they will stick, and occasion a train of thoughts, as unexpected as the new. Passing along by the United States Bank the other day, two young ladies were engaged in earnest conversation; at the moment of our coming opposite, one remarked to the other in a tone of remonstrance "Well, what can I do! all the other young men of my acquaintance are engaged." All the other young men she knew were gone—the direct inference was that she was about to take up with Mr. Somebody, for the very cogent reason, that she could get nobody else! How very wise and prudent thought we, as we paced slowly to the office. Here is a poor foundation for happiness; we traced in imagination the future course of life of this damsel, and found her prospects dark and gloomy. She has accepted the hand of a man for whom she probably at most only feels an esteem. Failing in some of her anticipations of delight in his every day society, she begins to treat him with a little neglect—this grows greater and greater, ending probably in disgust, or a feeling approaching very near to it. He soon discovers that his return to his home at short intervals of absence, affords him less and less pleasure—he therefore makes to himself every possible excuse for remaining abroad—gets into bad company, goes from bad to worse, and brings up in a drinking club, becomes a complete sot, very soon is a disgusting object, neglects his business, is never at home, and dies in the almshouse or a gutter. Such is too often the career of men whose domestic comfort is broken in upon by the faults of a wife, who, never particularly attached to the object whom they have taken for better, for worse, live a careless, unaccommodating life, neglect known duties, and follow to the grave the victim, who, with a different course of conduct on their part, they might have made comfortable, if not happy, and who would have long remained a useful, and respected member of society. Our female readers will readily apply the moral of our cogitations, and however averse to a sermon in general, will please to remember never to utter where it can be overheard, "what can I do! all the other young men of my acquaintance are engaged." Our male readers may if they please, reverse the picture, and preach a sermon to themselves, which we dare say will have quite as much point.

News—Newspapers.—What is the world coming to? Every man, woman, and child is likely soon to become an editor. We have storekeepers and lottery venders issuing a sheet for their own advertisements, besides numbers of boys who deliver to subscribers at sixpence a year, a newspaper of their own writing. But of all the curiosities in this way, one which was brought us by the last mail seems to surpass its brethren. It is called "THE MEDICAMENTUM;" published every three months by Doct. M. Hitchcock, at his medical dispensary, 39 Genesee st. Utica. Terms—Every person, after reading it is requested to hand it to another for perusal. This is cheaper than cheap, and induced us to look further to see what were its politics or object. It appears that Dr. Hitchcock is a "quack doctor," and makes a medicine called "Welsh Medicamentum!" which means, if our medical knowledge serves us, "Haarlem Oil." Welsh Haarlem Oil is thus to be forced into "circula-

tion," and consequently down people's throats. Half the battle with quacks is, to get their advertisements well written—our doctor is an adept in this part of his trade. He has moral reflections—he says—

All that you { see, judge not.
hear, believe not.
know, tell not.
can do, do not.

Then follow the recommendations of the Medicamentum, thus:

"EXTRAORDINARY!—I have just heard from the West, that a young gentleman, laboring under the last stages of the consumption, and was given over by his physicians, has completely recovered his health after taking the Welsh Medicamentum a short time."

"ANOTHER.—A member of our state legislature informed me that he had been afflicted with a nervous headache for several years, and had tried various remedies as well as followed the advice of Physicians, but got no relief until he used the Welsh Medicamentum, which relieved him immediately."

"Great allowance will be made to those purchasing Medicamentum by the quantity."

Great allowance should also be made by those reading "Medicamentum." The advice the Doctor gives directly above the foregoing is good, and we would say to him, "Doctor, heal thyself, and remember the following from your own Medicamentum"—

"On every occasion, when you discourse, think first, and look narrowly what you speak—of whom you speak—how you speak—and when you speak. What you speak, speak wisely, speak truly, lest you bring yourself into very great trouble."

We expect soon to see a paper issued by the "Calf Elephant," describing this country, and one from the Living Skeleton giving his exact weight after every meal. We believe subscribers could be had to both. The Elephant would beat however in the "long run."

The New York Commercial Advertiser of Wednesday says, "the Messrs. Carey, Lea & Carey, and the Messrs. Harpers have each published simultaneously an edition of Falkland, the first production of the author of Pelham, which the prodigious success of the other writings of Mr. Brulver has created a demand for. The author, we perceive, disclaims for the publication the title of a novel. We find it stated in the London papers, that such was the curiosity excited by the announcement of Paul Clifford, by the author of "Pelham," that, we understand, though a larger impression was printed than of any modern novel, yet nearly the whole number was disposed of on the very first day of publication."

An American Book well Printed.—We have looked over with much pleasure, the new edition from the press of John Grigg, of Goldsmith's works complete in one volume. It purports to be edited by Washington Irving, and is stereotyped, and printed on handsome paper. It is a book which no general reader should be without, containing as it does, the polished specimens of the good sense and taste of one of the most talented authors in the English language.

Welcome Visitors.—The Niagara Courier relates that as a Mr. Crandall was standing near their publication office a swarm of bees lit on his hat, covering it completely! The Editor continues "at the moment of our writing this, he is on his way home with his odd 'god send,'—the strangest covering for a head—in this age of fantastical head-gear, that has been seen for some days. It would puzzle the ladies to follow this fashion." Whether the idea can be turned to account or not is hard to say, but if

some people who occupy this mundane sphere, could get bees, or something else to sweeten their dispositions it would be a good thing.

March of mind.—From a Southampton (English) paper the following specimen of the march of mind is selected. The advertiser is an angry husband—"Take Notice if Catherine Scorey, she is a Person of a fair Complexion about 5 feet 3 in High she have a Got two Moulds on the Left side of her neck She is about 35 years of age and she is Subconded from her Husband and I Gives Notice that No Person Shall not credit her in my Name if they Do i Shall not be answerable or the Debt she is Deloped with John Mitchell he is subconded from his wife and family about 4 Years Ago he is a shoemaker a native of Poole and they are now Sitivated the Town of Southampton She Was the Wife of John Scorey nr. Brockenhurst."

A Troublesome Neighbor.—All our citizens who have passed the vicinity of Front and Market Streets within a month, must have remarked a huge pile of earth on the south side of the hill. This same pile of earth, which is lying there as quietly as if it was "at home," has excited considerable curiosity. One of the storekeepers in the vicinity, who has been seriously annoyed with questions as to where the heap came from, and where it was going to, to get rid of any more trouble, posted on the pump before his door the other day, a notice to this effect: "Gentlemen; the pile of earth which is now before you, was dug out of a great many cellars; it is to be used for the purpose of filling up the dock; when it will be removed I cannot tell; this notice is intended to obviate the necessity of asking questions, one hundred and eighty of which were asked me this morning."

Another march.—A second selection does not give us a very high idea of the march of civilization at Taunton. "At a village near Taunton a poor girl, 18 years of age, is now dying, after a long illness, from a decline. Her mother, such are the deplorably superstitious effects of besotted ignorance, regularly places at night open penknives under her pillow, and well-sharpened scythe-blades under the bed, with a view of keeping off the 'witch!' to whose baneful influence she attributes her daughter's indisposition. The school-master would seem to be wanted at Taunton."

Humbug.—The following is from an English print—"At Seville, at this moment a young man is exhibiting who can see only in the dark. During the day it is necessary to lead him like a person blind, but in the night he can see to read the smallest print."

Effects of firing Squibs.—A terrible accident is mentioned in a New York paper of Wednesday, as having happened to a lady on the 5th July. "While passing through John Street, she had a cracker thrown in her face, through carelessness, by a boy, which struck her eye at the moment of explosion, and, it is said, tore the ball quite from its socket, in such a manner, as entirely to destroy the eye."

Editorial Matrimony.—We find the annexed announcement of a marriage in the last Pittsburgh Statesman, and insert it with a pleasure we only feel when such paragraphs come within our reach—

"The 'Gazette' & 'Dawn,' of Warren, Pa. were united on the 7th ult. Messrs. Purviance and Strathers are the parties united. Their first issue is a fair, sleek looking, well dressed Super Royal sheet, which they have christened the 'UNION.' We are told that they are doing quite as well as could be expected. We hope that a long and prosperous experience, may

teach them that in Union there is strength, and that their friends will be too patriotic to 'calculate its cost.' We recommend to our neighbors in Warren, on behalf of our united brothers, above mentioned, the adoption of the sentiment of the 'greatest and best' of men, our supreme executive—"The UNION—it shall be preserved!"

The following article is from the pen of the Editor of the National Gazette. When he chooses, he can give us as good local articles as any one could wish. We wish there was more attention paid to this kind of information by our brethren of the press—

"The New York Editors describe the hat manufactory of Mr. Costar, in that city, as very praiseworthy. We doubt whether the silks hats, black and white, made by Lawrence Brown, No. 70 Second street, in Philadelphia, are equalled in New York; and we are sure that the beavers generally of Russel & Co., No. 104 Chesnut street, are not surpassed elsewhere in texture, shape, lustre or durability. The hat-manufactory has greatly increased and improved in this city within the few years past, and there are in several of our streets a number of hat stores which would do credit to London or Paris. An accurate statistical table of the trades and manufactures of Philadelphia, would shew an amount and a degree of skill and prosperity, which would much surprise a common observer. The internal commerce which she enjoys, and which is the other principal source of her wealth and activity, is most ample and solid. Men of business flock hither from the West, sure of finding all that they want, and with a well-grounded reliance upon the integrity and solvency of those with whom they may have to deal. All branches of industry connected with the mechanic arts, and with internal trade, seem to be in the most flourishing condition, while houses, population, comfort, and self-respect, increase accordingly."

"We are glad to see 'honorable mention' made in the New York newspapers, by a traveller, of one of the Botanic Gardens in our immediate neighborhood, or, rather, within this city. There are three beautiful establishments of this kind between Broad street and the river Schuylkill, at a short distance from Market street extended. We have been in the habit of visiting two of them—those of Mr. M'Arann and D'Arras—as an easy and refreshing promenade, to admire the gravelled and shady walks, the convenient arbors, and the large and brilliant collections of exotic and indigenous plants cultivated and distributed with care, science, and taste. The nearest of them—that of Mr. John M'Arann—lies in Fifth and Sixth streets from Schuylkill and on Arch and Filbert streets, and is styled the Philadelphia Botanic Garden. On this now truly rural and ornate ground, there was not in 1821, a tree or plant, except a few Lombardy poplars, which have been properly extirpated; and the surface, now so well graduated, was broken and extremely uneven, and required severe labor of the hand and the horse, to bring it into any regularity. The present proprietor employed two years and incurred great expense in preparing it to be a place of public resort. He has converted it into an elegant garden and a richly stocked nursery, with a spacious hotel, and long green-houses, provided with all the luxuries suitable for such establishments. Taste, liberality, and order seem to reign throughout; the rarest plants and most splendid bouquets may be procured there at any moment. Mr. M'Arann served a long apprenticeship in one of the first gardens in Europe, and after his emigration to this country, lived for eight years as principal gardener, at the Woodlands, with the late William Hamilton, Esq. and then superintended the improvements and green-houses at Lemon Hill, the well known seat of Henry Pratt, Esq. Mr. Hamilton's treasures of the choicest exotic and native plants exceeded nine thousand. Those of Mr. Pratt have long been the admiration of all the strangers of taste and the florists, who visit Philadelphia. Mr. M'Arann is not less zealous than he is experienced and accomplished as a horticulturist. Such enterprise, merit, and collections, from which our city derives embellishment and other advantages, deserve to be thus publicly noticed, and to be generally encouraged."

One idea.—It sometimes happens, that individuals become possessed of one single idea, which strikes them as peculiarly happy or important. On this they harp and harp, till they become as tiresome as a boy learning the flute, or a man practising his lessons on the violin. Of all people in the world they are the most fatiguing as companions. We shun them as we would a rattlesnake, for however like the human voice their rattle may be, it never fails to sound the death knell of time in our ears. One of the papers in this city exhibits an instance of this kind of ding-dong, which tires without instructing. The currency, bank notes, and banking, form the daily dish for about five dinners out of six which are served up at their table. Lately a piece of gold was received in the course of business at their publication office; they duly informed the public of the fact, described the properties of the precious metal of which it was composed, and returned to the charge daily, till the coin was literally beat as thin as gold leaf! It was then mixed up into a dish of political economy, served out as a joint one day, as soup the next, &c. till it was actually mouldy. People get tired of the same dish, unless it is a wholesome substantial one—potatoes are good all the year round, but one gets very tired of veal, or even venison for a constancy. Crazy people are very apt to take in a single idea in this way, and repeat it to every body they meet. An instance we remember in the Pennsylvania Hospital of a lunatic, who took up the opinion that he had painted West's picture! Nothing could drive it from his head; he descanted upon the time it occupied him, told the cost of the canvass, and generally finished his oration by detailing his generosity in giving it to the establishment, entertaining the full belief that for his bequest, he had been made king of the institution! Wags sometimes make themselves very merry by assuming one subject on which to converse to every body, or to repeat upon every occasion. We met with a droll of this description the other day in travelling. We had no sooner taken a seat in the stage, than he began to ask every one in succession if they had seen the living skeleton on the stage! The reply generally was, "No." This gave him an opportunity of describing his appearance and performance. To the first description we all listened with attention and gravity—at the second we smiled. The third repetition from a mouth whose gravity was unutterable, created bursts of merriment, and before the stage stopped to water the horses, the last passenger, a grave old gentleman in a wig, who was determined not to be quizzed, was receiving the delightful, though oft repeated intelligence, of how the skeleton danced. The whole inside company were so convulsed as to be unable to move for some time—the landlord thought us all either drunk or deranged, and for ourselves, we would hardly have exchanged our excited feelings for a sight of a Mathews or Liston. By dint of great exertion we got out at last, drank a glass of milk, and resumed our seats. The dose was again repeated, but our risible faculties were exhausted, and we had to compel him to desist from his fun. All this was bearable, because we could laugh at it; but there are some of our fellow mortals at whom to laugh would subject us to an unpleasant return of civilities, and whenever we come across them, we are very apt to cut their society as soon as possible, for fear of the terrible infliction again and again of the "one idea" with which they are exclusively possessed. It may be said that one idea is better than none, but we are not prepared to agree to the proposition.

Names.—Personal appearance and genteel names, are very important affairs as passports

to society. A name is of less importance, provided it is not in any way very remarkable. We were once introduced to a lady by the cognomen of *Grizelda Funk*. The very annunciation prejudiced us against her, but on becoming acquainted with the damsel, we found her every way deserving a more sonorous epithet. It has puzzled many a wise man to fix on a title for his book, and though less numerous, newspaper Editors have frequently been puzzled to name the vehicle with which they have determined to enlighten their readers. We have today an unusual accumulation of "food for trunkmakers" on hand. Let us see what names are most popular. Here is the *New York Gazette*, the *Philadelphia and National Gazette*—in short, *Gazettes* without number. *Gazette* is wearing out—the new fry are more particular. *Courier* is not very popular—*Enquirer* is still more uncouth, though in fact it is a very good name in itself. Here are *Times*, *Intelligencers*, *Spies*, *Advertisers*, *Posts*, *Visitors*, a *National Egis*, a very clever paper, but a monstrous ugly name to print; a *Farmer*, a name very appropriate to its contents, which is a rare occurrence; *Chronicles* without number; *Reporters*, a valuable race, but unfortunately they rarely report anything new; *Telescopes* which see as far into a mill stone as their neighbors; *Statesmen* who act much better the part of type setters than of legislators; *Republicans*, which might as well be called by any other name; *Registers*, a very unmeaning sort of affairs; *Travellers*, a name appropriate to all the fraternity, because all of them travel, either by mail or in their own neighborhoods; a *Medicamentum*! or *Haarlem Oil* paper; *Observers*, which chronicle other people's observations; *Emporiums*, which look like a picture-dealer's shop; an *Albion*, and once a week we are regularly visited by *Der Friedens Bothe*, a German paper, we dare say of great merit. Then we have *Journals* and *Suns*—no *Moon* has condescended to shed its mild radiance upon us yet—we wonder at it, because it could get "Sonnets" to itself so very plenty! We have, too, a *True American*, much like other papers, except that it contains very many *truisms*; *Stars* are common, and an *Aurora Borealis* used sometimes to make its appearance from the north, but of late it has disappeared before the light of *Antimasonic Mirrors*. Then we have *Democrats* enough to turn an election; plenty of the all seeing name of *Argus*; they generally have about as many eyes as others. *Heralds* are quite common; if they would cry out lustily about home affairs it would be well. Here is *The Hagerstown Torch Light*, and *Public Advertiser*, a name long enough to be edited by Mr. *Ossocarnosanguineocartilagimedullary* himself. *Centinels*, without weapons to guard the country, are constantly multiplying. *Spectators* rarely equal Addison or Steele. *Free Presses* have become popular, and are frequently met with. We have never seen one, however, which could make good its boast. *Constellation* is the name of Dr. Green's paper—the Editor is well known for a talent at story-telling, which he is endeavoring to continue. The name adopted is not remarkably appropriate to a newspaper—*Milky Way* would be still less so. Numerous other periodicals with quaint names are before us, but we have adduced enough to prove that our own is tolerably good, possessing, moreover, the singular merit of having but few cotemporaries of the same appellation.

The Heir Presumptive.—It is somewhat mortifying to frail humanity, that while the King of England is lying on a bed of sickness, most probably of death, so much speculation should be afloat as to his successors. The following is the last paragraph on the subject which has

come under our notice :—"The Heir Presumptive of the British Crown.—The London papers intimate the probability that the name of the Princess Victoria Alexandrina will be exchanged for that of Elizabeth, the king having more than once hinted his wish that she should take the latter name. This princess, on whom the crown of Great Britain will devolve in case of the decease in her lifetime of the present king and the Duke of Clarence, was born in May 1819, and her father, the Duke of Kent, died in the January following. The London Court Journal says that she is accomplished in a degree quite extraordinary for her age. She speaks with fluency and elegance all the modern European languages; is a very fair proficient in Latin, and has made considerable progress in the mathematics. She is also an excellent musician, and assists at the private concerts which are given almost nightly at the palace at Kensington, where she at present resides."

Madden's Turkey.—Carey & Lea have just issued the *Travels of R. R. Madden in Egypt and Turkey*. We have read it with great pleasure and interest, having found it one of the most fascinating books of travels published for many years. We shall next week present our readers with a more extended notice, and a few extracts, which we have marked as peculiarly interesting.

Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia" have been published since our last. They present a mass of interesting facts respecting the early settlement of this city, to which every descendant of the original inhabitants may turn with interest and profit. The whole together forms a volume which is extremely curious. The contents are as various as can be conceived, presenting something to attract every description of readers. We shall notice it further hereafter.

Old age.—Newspaper editors are careful to collect and publish all the accounts of the deaths of aged persons which come under their notice. These are generally repeated by others, and thus very extensively circulated. It must be remembered that these are remarkable instances, and that very few persons, comparatively, arrive at old age. To prove this, let any one try to find among his acquaintance twelve individuals of the age of 80 and upwards. We never knew but one person who could name this number with whom he was on speaking terms!

Errata.—Those who write for the press have many plagues to contend with. Not the least of which is the unaccountable errors which the types take upon themselves to commit. The last and worst with which we have met is the following from a daily print, in which two *f's* have fallen upon and displaced two legitimate *l's*. It is too bad—"The Presbyterian society of Lancingburgh, have given a calf to the Rev. John McCullough, late of Frederickstown, Maryland, to become their pastor. The calf has been accepted."

Under the influence of two glasses means, in modern language, wearing spectacles!

Drunk.—We were sorry to see in the late prolific inventories of toasts, that Washington was "drunk standing three times!"

"Hitherto, there has been less 'travelling' this year than heretofore. The number of passengers in the steamboats on the North River has been smaller by one third, or more, than at the same period last year." It would puzzle the wisest Solomon in the land to assign any probable cause, unless it be the fear of bursting boilers.

A late number of the London Monthly Magazine remarks that Scotchmen have very generally usurped the Editorial chairs of newspapers, in the Kingdom, and that it is then and them only, that we are to thank for the general tone of criticism with regard to the United States.

THE INDIANS.

We extract the following beautiful Stanzas from the New York American. At the present moment when all eyes are turned towards these hapless beings, it may be considered very appropriate by our readers.

THE LAST OF THE RED MEN.

The Sun's last ray was glowing fair
On crag and tree and flood;
And fell in mellow softness where
The lonely Indian stood.

Beneath his eye, in living gold,
The broad Pacific lay;
Unruffled there, a skiff might hold
Its bright and fearless way!

Far! far! behind him, mountains blue
In shadowy distance melt;
And far beyond the dark woods grew,
Where his forefathers dwelt!

No breathing sound was in the air,
As, leaning on his bow,
A lone and weary pilgrim there—
He murmur'd stern and low:

"Far by Ohio's mighty river,
Bright star, I've worshipped thee;
My native stream—its bosom never,
The Red Man more may see!

The Paleface rears his wigwam where
Our Indian hunters rovd;
His hatchet fells the forest fair
Our Indian maidens lov'd!

A thousand warriors bore in war,
The token of my sires;
On all the hills were seen afar,
Their blazing Council fires!

The foeman heard their war-whoop shrill,
And held his breath in fear;
And in the wood, and on the hill,
Their arrows pierc'd the deer.

Where are they now?—the stranger's tread
Is on their silent place!
Yon fading light on me is shed,
The last of all my race!

Where are they now?—in Summer's light,
Go! seek the Winter's snow;
Forgotten is our name and might,
And broken is our bow!

The White Man came, his bayonet's gleam,
Where Sachems held their sway;
And like the shadow of a dream,
Our tribe has passed away!

Curs'd be their race! to faith untrue!
False heart! deceitful tongue!—
Hear me, O, evil Manitou,—
Revenge the Indian's wrong!

I hear him in the hollow moan
Of the dark heaving sea;
And whispers murmur in the tone,
Of vengeance yet to be!

What if no stone shall mark the spot
Where lonely sleep the brave?
Their mighty arm is unforgotten,
Their glory has no grave!

But to our foes we leave a shame—
Disgrace can never die;
Their sons shall blush to bear a name,
Still blackened with a lie!

So be it ever to their race,
False friends, and bitter cares!
By fraud they have the Indian's place,
The Indian's curse be theirs!"

THE ENGRAVING.

The view herewith presented, represents the upper part of the village of SKANEATELES, when seen from the main road passing round the west side of the Lake. The most prominent building in view is the old Presbyterian Church, built when the country was new, but unoccupied at present, by reason of its distance from the centre of the village. The next that attracts the eye is the Episcopal Church, recently built and furnished with an organ, bell, and clock, standing on the water's edge, on the main street, and presenting an imposing appearance when seen from the south or west. The buildings immediately surrounding the Church, are a few neat private dwellings. Those two, more conspicuous, on the rising ground, are the beautiful mansions of Dr. Samuel Porter and Daniel Kellogg, Esq. The public buildings not seen on the engraving, are a new Presbyterian Church, built of brick and standing nearly opposite the Episcopal Church, and an Incorporated Academy, situated a short distance in the rear of the village, presenting a beautiful prospect of the Lake and surrounding country. The village itself stands on the northern extremity of the Lake, partly on the level ground surrounding the outlet, and partly on ground rising in the form of an amphitheatre, on the east and north, unsurpassed for beauty of scenery.

The Lake is about sixteen miles in length, and from one to two in breadth; for the most part very deep, in some places from three to four hundred feet. It is fed by springs from the bottom which renders the water cold and pure, and well furnished with trout, perch, &c. It is navigated by two large boats, which supply the village with lumber and wood.

For a considerable distance to the south of the village, the lands on either side slope with a beautiful declivity to the water's edge, and present the view of well cultivated farms and a number of elegant and delightfully situated mansions.

There are in the village, besides the Academy, (which consists of a male and female department) one select grammar school, two select schools for young girls, and two large district schools. There are three hotels, a masonic hall, and a printing establishment. There are also seven stores doing a fair and profitable business, and two extensive sleigh and carriage factories, that make about 600 sleighs and carriages in the course of the season. On the Skaneateles outlet, in and near the village, are five flouring mills, which on an average will flour and pack seventy barrels per day. There are six saw mills, three linseed oil mills, two iron foundries, one brass foundry, one extensive woollen factory, one cotton factory, (not completed,) three clothier's works, one cotton and woollen machinery factory, besides smaller establishments in every branch of mechanical operation usually found in the country. The number of inhabitants in the village is upwards of a thousand.

SKANEATELES is sixty-six miles west of Utica, seven east of the flourishing village of Auburn, and eight miles distant from the Erie Canal, above which it is elevated about five hundred feet. The Seneca turnpike passes through it, and many lines of public stages in different directions. Travellers, especially foreigners, are usually charmed with this delightful spot, and speak in raptures of its interesting scenery. None who have a relish

for the pleasant scenes of nature, can approach it without admiration, or leave it without regret.

BIOGRAPHY.

Died, at his residence at Gravelly Hill, in the county of Bedford, Va. on the morning of the 8th day of June, in the 75th year of his age, Colonel JOHN WATTS.

At the beginning of our revolutionary war Col. Watts, then a very young man, entered the army as a Cornet of Dragoons, in one of the regiments raised by the state of Virginia, commanded by either Baylor or Bland; and the regiment being soon after placed on the Continental establishment, joined the main army under Gen. Washington. He was at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth, and actively engaged in most of the smaller affairs in which cavalry could act. In 1779, he was transferred to the Southern army, and shared in most of its perils. He was near Pulaski when he fell, in his attempt to enter the lines of Savannah with cavalry. The cavalry of the South having been concentrated into one regiment under Col. Wm. Washington, Col. Watts was placed under his command, and continued in that celebrated corps till the end of the war. No officer belonging to it (gallant as all were acknowledged to be) shared more largely than he in its privations, its desperate achievements, or its well deserved glory. It was emphatically a body of men fitted for stubborn action and perilous enterprise; and no man was better qualified to sustain his part in it than Col. Watts. Bold, energetic, and fearless in temper, active and powerful in person; an admirable horseman, as all young Virginians at that time were; and uniting to all a high sense of military honor, and an entire devotion to the cause of his country, he was ever among the first when danger was to be encountered or service performed. At the sanguinary action of Eutaw Springs, as second in command, he led the celebrated charge on the British column, commanded by Major Ribanks—the result is well known; every officer in the regiment except one, was either killed, wounded or taken. Col. Watts was struck by three balls, one of which passed through his body, and his horse was killed under him. This severe sacrifice, however, was not without its benefit; the British column recoiled from the shock, and the American flank, before threatened by it, was saved. At the peace of 1782, Col. Watts retired from the army with the brevet rank of Major. In the year 1799, he was appointed to command a regiment of cavalry, in the army proposed to be raised in anticipation of a French war, and was for some time stationed at Shepherdstown with his ancient commander Colonel, then General Washington. The differences with France however, being adjusted, he again retired to private life, in which he continued to the day of his death, having never, in the course of a long life, sought any civil office whatever.

INSPIRATION.—The famous Bossuet asserted that he could always, when necessity required it, kindle the flame of inspiration at the lamp of a favorite author. It was, we are told by his biographer, the custom of the eloquent author of the Universal History, before he began to compose a sermon, to read a chapter in Isaiah, and another in Rodriguez's Tract on Christian Perfection, and the former never failed to fire the latent energies of his genius, nor the latter to call forth the noblest emotions of the heart. The Italian painter, Domenichino, who excelled in correctness of style, and in the speaking expression of the passions and affections of the mind, could never be prevailed upon to handle his pencil until he found his mind warmed by the glowing enthusiasm of inspiration.

VARIETIES.

SONG.

FAREWELL TO THE LAND OF THE HEATHER.
BY J. GRAHAM.

With patriot pride I am bound to the west,
And bless every breeze that bloweth me
thither,
Yet fond mortal feeling sighs deep in my breast,
Farewell to the land of the heather.

Though roughly in nature's vast mould thou
wert cast,
Though o'er thee the stormy clouds gather,
I love thy rude wilds and thy bleak mountain
blast,
For I drew my first breath on the heather.

And sorrow or care—o'er my young playful
breast,
Had been the sad lodging of neither,
In Caledon's plaid and her gay bonnet dress'd
I played my first sports on the heather.

There first did I spread a fair bower for my
love,
To hold our sweet converse together,
And the first lover's garland that ever I wove,
Was culled from the bloom of the heather.

And oh! when I think how the bold pibroch
blew,
While clans at the summons would gather,
'Neath liberty's banner, and gallantly drew
Their conquering swords on the heather.

I feel my soul glow with those glorious fires,
That freedom and valor together
Have kindled with pride in the breasts of my
sires,
And hallowed the name of the heather.

The land of the greenwood, so fair and so free,
A son of the bonnet and feather,
Can ne'er be forgetful of freedom and thee,
Who sighs for the land of the heather.

GREATNESS.

The power to give creates us all our foes;
Where many seek for favor, few can find it;
Each thinks he merits all that he can ask;
And disappointed, wonders at repulse;
Wonders awhile, and then sits down to hate.

Froude.

THE OLD LADY'S "BILL."—A gentleman called at the house of an honest old lady, for the purpose of collecting a small debt. Not recollecting the amount, he promised to send his bill that evening. The old lady, supposing he meant his son William, replied, "Oh la, our Sal never set up with any body yet, but Bill's a clever fellow, and they may build a fire in the other room."

LATIN QUOTATION.—A rustic, who had been put to law expenses by a brutal landlord, complained of it to the village schoolmaster. "Never mind him," said the pedagogue, "he is known to be *sui generis*." "I know he did *sue* I," replied Hodge, "but I never heard he was *generous* in all my life."

BOSSUET.—The expression of Bossuet, to one who found him preparing one of his famous orations, with the Iliad open on his table, is finely characteristic of the lofty and magnificent genius of the man. "I always have Homer beside me when I make my sermons. I love to light my lamp at the sun."

POPULAR PREACHERS.—It was said by Jeremy Taylor, in speaking of the popular preachers of his day, that they entertained their hearers "with gaudy tulips and useless daffodils—and not with the bread of life and medicinal plants growing on the margin of the fountains of salvation."

Man is belligerent by nature; and the thought of war summons up sensations and even faculties within him, that, in the common course of life, would have been no more discoverable than the bottom of the sea. The moral earthquake must come to strip the bosom to our gaze.

A retailer of puns, whose memory was none of the happiest, endeavoring to give a new face to the story of the man, who, being drowned, had a verdict brought in of *fel de se*, did not repeat that he fell into the sea, but, instead of suicide, he said the jury brought in a verdict of *sei-i-cide*!

A lady having consulted M. D'Orleans de Lamotte, late Bishop of Amiens, on the propriety of using *rouge*, he made her this reply, "Some persons would altogether prohibit you the use of it: but this perhaps you would consider very hard; and others might allow you to use it unrestrained, which would be too complying; now I shall take the middle course, and give you permission to use it on one cheek."

CONSTANCY—BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

When the tempests' at the loudest,
On its gale the eagle rides;
When the ocean rolls the proudest,
Through the foam the sea-bird glides—
All the rage of wind and sea
Is subdued by constancy.

Gnawing want and sickness pining,
All the ills that men endure!
Each their various pangs combining,
Constancy can find a cure—
Pain, and Fear, and Poverty,
Are subdued by constancy.

Bar me from each wonted pleasure,
Make me abject, mean, and poor,
Heap on insults without measure,
Chain me to a dungeon floor—
I'll be happy, rich, and free,
If endowed with constancy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We really must be excused from reading any more of the "Essays on Government." Our time is precious, and documents increase beyond ability to peruse them. Any respectable builder of bonnet boxes can be supplied with manuscript from this office sufficient for a year's lining.

A note has been sent to "E. B. C." through the Post Office as requested. We appreciate her kindness, and shall certainly avail ourselves of her hints.

"P. S." will perceive he is *not* understood.

"T. T." might do better translations. We were deeply engaged over one of his initials when his sealed despatch was received. It really cooled our Young Hyson.

The very ingenious "Ingenio" will find us willing to print when he is willing we should prune.

"Caspapina" will find a note in our publishing office.

"Tancredi's" criticisms on the performers at the N. L. Circus, are too severe. The eulogium on Miss Waring savors too much of the wit of a former "contemporary."

We could wish the author of the "Ballad to his Mistress" had been on board of some of our steamers on the fifth, along with soldiers and crying children. It would have frightened poetry from his thoughts. Surely this "earnest of future, and most valuable contributions" was never written in earnest.

Walter's "Fourth of July Expedition" was intended for publication; but as often happens with better productions, received the go-by after it left our hands.

The "Ode to General Washington" is pretty and the author has taste. It is on the file.

The "Clerk of a Public Office" must share the fate of some of his brethren and be reformed.

An essay entitled "Two sorts of Men" is long enough to require a regular *set to*. As a very learned Judge says, "we will take the papers home with us, and give judgment at our next court."

Joshua's "efforts of his unfledged muse" are rejected on the ground of his assertion that they cost him "no effort."

The proprietors of numerous signatures not mentioned, must frame excuses which please themselves, for the non insertion of their several pieces. The public is a dainty personage, and we are obliged to cater cautiously.

FOR THE ARIEL.
EXTRACTS FROM A POEM DELIVERED JULY 4.

Such is the changeless current of our being;
Man goes abroad to revel on the sea
Of new existence, and to wander through
The flowers that carpet nature; and to feel
The magic influence of the elements,
And hold his high dominion o'er God's creatures,
And yet he hath alike his morn and eve,
His night, and sabbath-times of life.

To day
The sombre shades of passion come and brood
With folds of darkness o'er his brow, 'till tho't
And spirit are enwrapt within the deep
And gathering curtain of malevolence—
To-morrow—and the smile is resting there
In dimples soft and beautiful as sleep
Upon the bosom-pillowed child, the tear
Of raptured feeling trickles from its cell,
The floats far away upon the flood
Of morning rose tinged light, to move like it
In high and gentle undulations, 'till
'Tis cradled into slumber, and the pulse
Of young affection flutters on with wild
And happy throbbings. There are seasons too,
When man's proud soul is kindled with the fire
Of deeper and diviner feelings—when
His brow is brightened with a throng of pure
And passion-sparkling thoughts, and when his
wild

And sportive day-dreams take their Heavenward
flight

As the glad offspring of devotion. Such,
Such are the hours that gloss, with golden hue,
The varied stream of life. Such are the hours
That mantle earth with life so soft, it seems
The tints of Heaven's own beauty mirrored
there.

Patriots, Fathers, Friends! remember that to-day

Is but a garland of those Eden hours;—
To-day the bright-winged thoughts unsphere
themselves,

To move through courts of higher beings.
To-day the pure and happy elements are wrapt
In the deep hush of dreamless sleep, and Heaven
Looks down so soft and beautiful, it seems
To bless to-day with showers of hallowed light;
So still and noiseless do the floating clouds
Repose upon the sunlit mountain brow,
That we could think they came as things of
being,

To gaze with reverence on the gathering throng.

I need not cite my country's story now—
I need not echo battle's clangor here,
Or wake my strain to warrior's noble deeds;
For in the deep, deep gloom of solitude,
Where warbling nestlers wind their lays of joy;
On ocean's bosom, where the sea fowl shrieks,
As if in glad huzzas; and o'er the brow
Of nature, in her very perfectness
The glorious, deathless work is graven still!
But dream ye now of flag on barrack heights,
Waving their proudest folds to ocean's breeze,
And then anon enshrouded in the gloom

Of volumes from the echoing minute gun?
Dream ye of Hero and his green turf'd tomb,
Or fields on which immortal deeds were done?
Or how the Eagle flapp'd her golden plume,
And told of Battles oft by freemen won?
For these are hours that come with plumes of
light,

To give the soul its proud ethereal flight.
These are the hours that with their coming
bring

A joy to which our young affections cling.
Come ye and chant glad paeans now, with strain
So wild that it will echo back again
At evening close, and in soft music rise
To Heaven, like pure and holy rhapsodies!
Yes, come! and breathe the deep-toned lan-
guage now

Of that religion which the feelings wear,
When passion sits in slumber on the brow,
Or when the heart is wrapt in silent prayer.
Yes, gather now, for morning now unfurls
Its folds of beauty, and soft shadows move
Along the hills, so like the things of love,
It seems the twilight of ethereal worlds.—
The gold-wreathed clouds in glad procession
glide

O'er Heaven above, like many sails that ride
Upon the Ocean, when the waters go
To take their sleep in deep unbroken flow,

How bright with blessedness! the vine-wreath-
ed bough
Is bending low, with wild winged birds, that
come

To warble forth their native carols now,
The simple offering of their woodland home.
And day floats over nature with a light
So soft and fadeless, that each hill is bright
With crowns of beauty; and the deepening
flow

Of ocean's breakers comes so wild and low,
It seems as if the dark eternal sea
Was praising Heaven in majestic monody;—
Like parent song-bird brooding o'er its young,
In the green vallies of its sea-girt isle,
So lowers, methinks, a guardian spirit here,
To breathe the eternal sunshine o'er our homes,
And dart a Heaven-born beauty through the
gloom

That veils the rosy hours of early life.—

* * * * *
Now is the hour when man's wild feelings
flow

In more unsullied currents—'tis the hour
That mantles littler dreamings in the shroud
Of dark oblivion, and awakens thoughts
Of wars, and floating pennants, and the loud,
The shrilling yell of—"Liberty or death!"
It is the hour when bright winged fancy goes
To poise with fondness o'er the blooming
bowers

Where moved life's early day-dreams, when the
soul

Was young, and full of rapture, and the tho'ts
Roved through their Eden visions in exulting
throng.—

* * * * *

—And now behold
A realm of spotless verdure, so imbued
With deep, deep tints of fadeless beauty, and
So wrapt in summer's bright habilitment,
It seems all perfect and religious-robed.
Here pleasure's eye may take its fond survey,
When summer's dawn is lurking o'er the calm
And blooming bosom of the smiling landscape;
When day is flickering on the sleeping lake,
Or when the trembling beams of sunset blend
Their tints of purple with the ocean's blue.
But 'tis enough! Our native hills, our homes,
Our own dear land and liberty, are all
Presages of a glorious hereafter!!

Stateburg, S. C. July, 1830. J. P. W.

BIOGRAPHY.

ECCENTRICITY OF GENIUS.

Died, near Point Coupee, Louisiana, on the
10th of May ult. Mr. SAMUEL NOEL
BALL, of Philadelphia, aged forty years.
Mr. BALL was born in the city of Philadel-
phia, but in early life went with his father
who was then a widower, to England, France
and Holland, and in those countries spent
some five or ten years, and during that peri-
od acquired a perfect knowledge of the lan-
guages of those kingdoms. In the year 1816
he returned to the United States, and soon
after landing in Philadelphia, became violent-
ly in love with a young lady, named HELEN
LA ROACH, to whom he paid his most honest
and sincere devotions. Miss LA ROACH was
young, innocent, and poor, and though she
evidently reciprocated the passion of Mr.
BALL, she said to him, that such was the dis-
parity of their conditions, she being poor, and
he being a young man of fortune—that she
could never consent to an union, and advised
him to bestow his affections on some more
fortunate, and more favored object. Poor
BALL was panic-struck with the reply; "he
never smiled again," and resolved to become
a recluse from society. In conformity with
these resolutions, he migrated to the Western
country, and erecting a small house in the
midst of a dreary wilderness, he made every
preparation to lead the life of a hermit. His
dwelling was well supplied with the choicest
literary and scientific books that the times af-
forded, and there, in the midst of a wild, he
had hoped to spend his days. But an eager
and a curious population, soon intruded on his
house of seclusion, and he determined to re-
move far from the intrusive haunts of the
meddling gossip; and he did so; but events

soon called him to the alteration of his plans.
In the summer of 1818, the Seminole war
broke out, and Mr. BALL, actuated by an honest
ardor, and a spirited ambition, volunteered
his aid in the service of General Jackson,
and partook of the honors and glories—if any
there were—that attended the sanguinary
campaign of those days.

We knew him but imperfectly, at this pe-
riod, and had forgotten his existence, until
the Winter of the year 1820, when in conse-
quence of shipwreck which we suffered on
the Mississippi river, we were compelled to
take refuge among the forests that line the
banks of the "majestic king of rivers."
Wandering around the wild one day, in com-
pany with two or three luckless friends, we
discovered at a distance the smoke of some
secluded hovel. Impelled by the hope of
finding some civilized beings, we directed
our foot-steps towards the place from which
the humid vapor proceeded, and to our sur-
prise, found a neat cottage, surrounded by a
garden, fantastically arranged; and, having
knocked at the wicket gate, the door was
opened, and the misanthrope BALL approached
us, and bade us enter. We told him the
story of our misfortunes, and solicited his ad-
vice in the midst of our distress. In reply, he
said that though he and the world had long
since shook hands and separated forever, he
was yet willing to aid a fellow mortal in dis-
tress. After remaining with him a few days
and recovering from the fatigue that we had
experienced, we commenced making prepara-
tions for our departure. Discovering the na-
ture of our movements, he supplied us with a
canoe, and about fifty dollars in cash, and bade
us farewell, remarking that if we could ever
do a similar favour for any one, if we would
do it, he should be fully repaid for the services
he had done us. Mr. BALL was a man of
rare genius; his talents were varied and hap-
py. He was an excellent painter; well skil-
led in music; a good poet, and one of the
most chaste writers that we have ever read.
He had contributed to the American and
foreign reviews and periodicals, and was ac-
quainted with most of the languages of mo-
dern Europe. Last Spring he commenced a
tour to New Orleans, with the intention of
taking passage for France, where he had de-
termined to spend the remainder of his days,
but whilst on his passage down the river, was
suddenly seized with a disease common to the
climate, and fell an early victim to its ravages.
This feeble memento to his genius and vir-
tues, is written by one who had tasted of
his friendship and, who knows how to ap-
preciate his excellence and worth—by one
who has partaken of his bounties, and in the
hour of sorrow and filiation, realized
his vivifying aid and benevolence.—[Liter-
ary Subaltern.

It may perhaps be recorded among one of
the most singular instances of escape from
death, that a lad ten or twelve years old, by
the name of Gage, living within three miles of
Hamilton, was kicked by a horse about three
months ago in a manner which precluded any
reasonable hope of his recovery. The toe
cork of the horse-shoe struck the boy a little
above the forehead and cleaved off a piece
of the skull bone, to the full size of a dollar.
The brains immediately issued from the wound
and settled on the surface of the head to the
bigness of, and resembling in shape a large
watch. These brains were taken off, and are
now preserved in a bottle, for the satisfaction
of the incredulous. The boy, after the lapse
of two hours from the accident, recovered his
natural senses, and is now in a perfect state
of mind as if the thing had never occurred.
The leading facts of this singular accident we
have from Dr. Case Junior, who was the at-
tendant surgeon and physician, and who has
the patient still in charge.—Gore, U. C.
Balance.

A monument is erecting at Westminster Ab-
bey, to the memory of the late Mr. Tierney.

AN OLIO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

DELICATE FLATTERY.—The society of prin-
ces is hazardous to their inferiors, from the
difficulty of paying them either too little defer-
ence or too much. To flatter without the ap-
pearance of intending to flatter, is the delicate
point. "Zimmerman," said Frederick the
Great, sourly, to the celebrated physician, "I
suppose you have in your time helped many a
man into the other world!" Zimmerman turn-
ed with the quick retort, "Not so many as your
Majesty." The king stared at this freedom—
"nor with so much honor to myself," happily
continued the bowing physician.

LOVE.

Love is celestial harmony,
Of likely hearts, composed of stars' consent,
Which join together in sweet sympathy,
To work each other's joy and true content,
Which they have harbor'd since their first de-
scent,
Out of their heavenly bowers, where they did see
And know each other here below'd to be.

Spenser.

When raging passion with fierce tyranny,
Robs reason of her true regality,
And makes it servant to her basest part,
The strong it weakens with infirmity,
And with bold fury arms the weakest heart,
The strong, thro' pleasure, soonest falls, the
weak thro' smart.—Spenser.

Freak of Nature.—On Tuesday last a boy,
brought to this office, says an Easton paper, a
living duck, having four perfect legs! The two
hind legs, if we may so speak, were placed ex-
actly like those of a loon. It was but a few
hours old, and bids fair to live—thus threaten-
ing to become a rival to the Living Skeleton
and Siamese Twins.

BEAUTY.

What greater torment ever could have been,
Than to enforce the fair to live retir'd?
For what is beauty if it be not seen?
Or what is't to be seen—if not admired,
And though admir'd, unless in love desir'd?
Never were cheeks of roses, locks of amber,
Ordain'd to live imprison'd in a chamber.

A short time since, in a church yard in Here-
fordshire, England, were written on a grave rail
the following lines—

Remember me as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I—
As I am now, so you must be,
Therefore prepare to follow me.

Immediately underneath these lines some one
wrote in blue paint—

To follow you I'm not content,
Unless I knew which way you went.

WASHINGTON AND THE MILITIA.—The Bos-
ton Courier publishes one of Washington's let-
ters, in which the "father of his country" says,
"If I were called upon to declare, upon oath,
whether the Militia have been most serviceable
or hurtful upon the whole, I should subscribe to
the latter."

We find the following "Epitaph on a LAST
MAKER sleeping in bed," in the last Baltimore
Patriot—

Stop, stranger, stop, and wipe a tear,
For the LASTMAN at last lies here;
Though EVERLASTING he hath been,
He has at last passed life's LAST scene—
Famed for good works, much time he pass'd
In doing good—he hath done his LAST.

MOST SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—A few weeks
since two persons, a man and a woman, of the
advanced age of 73, were buried on the same
day, and at the same hour, in one of our neigh-
boring parish church-yards, who were born on
the same day, and baptized out of the same ba-
sin within less than a minute of each other.

PUBLISHED
EVERY OTHER SATURDAY,
BY EDMUND MORRIS,
AT THE OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY BULLETIN,
NO. 95½ CHESTNUT STREET, ESTAIRS,
PHILADELPHIA.

Price, \$1.50y early—Payable in advance

A few copies of this Volume, complete from
the commencement, can be furnished.